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Diane DiPrima
William Blake

2002

The morning comes, the night decays, the watchmen leave their stations
The grave is burst, the spices shed, the linen wrapped up;
The bones of death, the covering clay, the sinews shrunk & dry'd
Reviving shake, inspiring move, breathing! awakening!
Spring like redeemed captives when their bonds & bars are burst;
Let the slave grinding at the mill, run out into the field:
Let him look up into the heavens & laugh in the bright air;
Let the unchained soul shut up in darkness and in sighing,
Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years,
Rise and look out, his chains are loose, his dungeon doors are open.
And let his wife and children return from the oppressors scourge;
They look behind at every step & believe it is a dream,
Singing, The Sun has left his blackness & has found a fresher morning
And the fair Moon rejoices in the clear & cloudless night;
For empire is no more, and now the Lion & Wolf shall cease.
— William Blake (1793) America: a Prophecy, "Plate 6"

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #36

who is the we, who is
the they in this thing, did we or they kill the indian, not me
my people brought here, cheap labor to exploit
a continent for them, did we
or they exploit it? do you
admit complicity, say 'we have to get out of Vietnam, we really should
stop poisoning the water, etc.' look closer, look again,
secede, declare your independence, don't accept
a share of the guilt they want to lay on us
MAN IS INNOCENT & BEAUTIFUL & born
to perfect bliss they envy, heavy deeds
make heavy hearts and to them
life is suffering. stand clear.
— Diane DiPrima Revolutionary Letters Etc. (1966–1978)

POETRY DEMANDS UNEMPLOYMENT & THE CREATION OF 1,000,000 CIRCUSES OF PURE POLYMORPHOUS LIGHT

Free creativity in the construction of all moments & events of life is the only poetry [the revolution] can acknowledge, the poetry made by all, the beginning of the revolutionary festival. Proletarian revolutions will be festivals or nothing, for festivity is the very keynote of the life they announce. Play is the ultimate principle of this festival, and the only rules it can recognize are to live without dead time and to enjoy without restraints.

All nations

ALL NATIONS

HALLUCINATIONS

ARE YOU READY TO DIE FOR THE FUTURE OF AN ILLUSION?

If we are going to insist on maintaining a state we can obey, then we have to breed children who will die for it.
So quit whining.

fifth Estate

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